

THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

(Continued from Second Page)

There was another seeker for the golden man in Los Angeles. It was none other than Marmaduke Smythe.



Blair Departed For the Mines.

the eccentric English legal representative of the earls of Stanley. His methodical British mind compelled him to make every effort to locate the fugitive heir to the earldom ere he returned to England. He had consulted Tom Blake.

Blake upon reflection, perhaps with a desire to keep the American Stanley's game with destiny going, had given the English lawyer a hint that John Powell in Los Angeles could give him information of the missing Arthur Stanley, heir to the Stanley earldom, as well as the missing diamond.

It was an interesting game to Blake, and he watched the moves of those concerned, and none was more concerned than he. He knew that Marmaduke Smythe, for all his eccentricities, would have suffered himself to tortures by the Indians, who in the British barrister's foggy mind still lurked in ambush in the jungles of America, rather than betray a Stanley of the blood.

Blake not only gave the timid yet loyal lawyer a hint; he also gave him a letter of introduction to John Powell, couched in guarded terms. So Marmaduke Smythe departed for "the yeldt," as he expressed it, taking with him an elephant rifle, and as a further incitation to the hunt the mounted deer head he had bought at the sheriff's sale at Stanley hall.

Lawyer Smythe had a shawl strap arrangement with which he carried this incongruous object as hand luggage with him on all his journeys in barbarous America. So highly had he come to esteem this trophy of the chase that by some strange mental process, wherein the wish was father to the thought, the English lawyer had come firmly to believe that the deer head he so highly prized was actually the spoil of his own gun.

"I figure it out this way," Smythe explained to Blake: "You remember I was in the wilds of Virginia twenty years ago. I detoured in the dark amid the howls of savages and wild beasts. I fired my gun—there was silence. The late Judge Stanley afterward chaffed me about it, saying I had fired at frogs."

"But it is very strange that I should not have noticed this deer head at Stanley hall at that time. It is my belief that in discharging my gun into the jungle I slew this stag."

"So in due time Solicitor Smythe found himself with gun and deer head trophy in far Los Angeles. 'Always too late, my word!' he exclaimed when informed that John Powell was at his far distant mining properties in another part of the state. 'But I shall follow him and knock over some big game in the interim,' he added."

"There ain't no big game in the interim," vouchsafed the office boy at the headquarters of the Good Hope Oil company. "But there's big game in the mountains, mister."

"Quite so! Quite so!" replied Marmaduke Smythe and took his departure. Where passengers for the Lady Veronica mines alighted from the train at a small and desolate way station a daily stage conveyed them to the mines, thirty miles away up the rocky mountain passes.

There was another passenger besides Smythe, who still carried his gun

and the deer head trophy as well as his dress suit case. This passenger was a very pretty young woman in a neat dark blue traveling suit. Had Marmaduke Smythe a good memory for faces he might have recollected his fellow passenger as a young girl he had seen at Stanley hall upon his present visit to America, some six months ago. But Marmaduke Smythe was shy with the ladies. He had hardly looked at the pretty girl who had answered his questions when he had called at Stanley hall to find Arthur Stanley gone. No one knew whither, upon the occasion when the lawyer had come to give notice that the old earl of Stanley was dead and the English line of Stanleys was extinct with him.

But Esther recognized the lawyer and shrank back into her corner of the seat in the somewhat dim interior of the rattletap and battered old stage coach. Esther alone in the world and sorely tried, suspected every one, after her experience with Blair and his mother and even the friendly though wishy washy Mrs. Randolph. Her hope, her desire was to see Arthur. Now that he was rich and powerful she determined to be guided in her actions by Arthur's reception of her. Was he much changed? Had success turned his head and made him selfish? Did he still love her as sister or sweetheart?

Lonely, apprehensive, even disheartened, Esther felt that to be coolly received by Arthur would be the last straw. The secret joy she had felt to realize that she was the rightful heir of Stanley had passed. She had been denied her birthright so long that she could feel no gladness at the thought of being accepted as Esther Stanley rather than Esther Harding, the poor gypsy girl.

Only Arthur, only the love she bore for him, made her steadfast. She felt she could go away and die of a broken heart if he had changed and with his millions had grown arrogant, selfish and cold toward her. She regretted she had gone into the wilderness to seek him. Might she not have better stayed in Los Angeles till Arthur returned and met him there? But then there was Blair. Blair was seeking Arthur too.

Arthur had been Blair's comrade in their wild boyhood and even wilder young manhood. Blair might poison Arthur's mind against her.

Blair was despicable enough for such an action. No, she would keep on, she would see Arthur. If his eyes lit up with love and joy at the sight of her she would tell him all and beg his protection from Blair.

And so Esther mused as the stage rocked and creaked on its way up the mountain passes to the mines.

Meanwhile Blair is making his way in the roadster he has hired for the purpose as best he can over the rough roads through the mountains that he curses continually.

It is prophetic of his curses and forebodings that the front axle of his car snaps, and it is disabled on the mountain side. He walks afoot and arrives at the blacksmith shop near the mines, to encounter an old acquaintance—Luke Lovell.

Luke Lovell has sentenced himself to hard labor as a blacksmith helper since the death of his evil companion in Santa Barbara bay the night when the diamond from the sky dropped into the waters of the bay in that death struggle in the darkness.

From Lovell Blair, after mutual profers of friendship and assistance, learns that Arthur Stanley, or John Powell, as he is now known, has left for other mines he is considering purchasing, far across the valley in another range of mountains.

Meanwhile Quabba, disobeying Esther's commands through his very af-



Found Himself In Los Angeles With His Deer Head.

fection for her, has taken the next train and arrives at the lonely station, only to be informed that the stage to the mines does not meet any train here save the earlier one, in order to avoid a journey that would be made doubly perilous by darkness.

A group of fishermen to whom the islands off the wild seacoast hereabout offer big fishing in their waters have alighted with Quabba. They banter the poor Italian that he is anxious to reach the mines thirty miles away up the mountains. One proffers him a slightly broken fishing rod and tells him to be philosophical and fish till the

stage shall come on the morrow to bear him to his destination. Quabba wonders if he may not miss Esther if he goes afoot. Irresolutely he takes the fishing rod and follows the fishermen. He is told that the mountaineers and miners sometimes come down to the coast for the fishing and that he may be given a ride back by backboard or wagon to the mine by some of these who may be returning. So Quabba plays his luck and goes fishing, not so much for a fish as to angle for a ride to the mountain mine where Esther has gone seeking Arthur.

Quabba meets with no friendly fishermen from the hills with backboard or wagon returning to the mine. So he fishes and wishes he had started afoot, let the distance and the roughness of the road be what it may.

The sport is good, save that Quabba is annoyed by the aggressive boldness or friendliness. Quabba can hardly tell which, of a persistent pelican.

It is a great fat, white pelican, which reminds Quabba very much of a certain pompous, long nosed, corn-



Arthur Inspecting His Mines.

pulent southern magistrate who wore a white waistcoat and mulcted Quabba of \$10 for playing hand organ music without a license.

Quabba remembers this magistrate with extreme distaste, and the pelican resembles him so much that Quabba hates the pestiferous bird all the more in consequence.

The stage to the mines stops at the blacksmith shop. A broken linchpin is giving trouble. Luke, in the absence of the blacksmith, whose helper he was, starts to adjust a new linchpin. Blair Stanley, within the darkened shop, for he half expected recognition by some one, saw Esther as Esther shrank back from the window at sight of Luke.

Luke, in turn, was busy at his work at the wheel and gave no attention to the passengers except one, an Englishman with side whiskers, who hung out of the coach and annoyed him with foolish questions.

When Luke came into the shop for tools Blair drew him to one side and whispered: "There is some one in that coach who will ruin our game with Arthur Stanley. You know what to do!"

Luke had a dim remembrance of the English lawyer, and not having seen Esther in the coach, deemed Blair referred to that pestering individual. Luke nodded grimly and replaced the broken linchpin and called to the driver, "It's all right," grandly waving aside the driver's proffer of "two bits," for Blair had paid for the work with a twenty dollar bill.

Down by the rugged coast line thirty miles away Quabba was fighting the

fight that is the true fisherman's delight with some great and game fish, and had forgotten the pestiferous pelican lurking boldly near.

Far away along the crest of the mountain, beside a precipitous dizzying declivity the broken linchpin does its work. The wheel comes off and spins away, the coach topples over, the tongue snaps off short, and the great swaying vehicle falls over and rolls and gathers momentum as it rolls, while Esther and the English lawyer huddle in its groaning interior, spun round and round with the rolling coach, too terrified to shriek.

And then the coach strikes a great boulder and smashes as an egg would smash. A spurt of dust and then stillness.

From tragedy to comedy-drama the distance is thirty miles. On the rocky seashore Quabba lands his quarry, a great, quivering fish. Caught in its gills, and partly hanging from its mouth is a chain of antique workmanship, and from it dangles the diamond from the sky.

And then the great white pelican swoops down and bears off the fish and the great glistening jewel—the diamond from the sky is no longer the diamond in the sea!

(Continued Next Week)

BELLEVUE

Bellevue, Oct. 13.—The young people of the town have organized a get together social meet to be held at the Masonic hall store room Friday evening, Oct. 15. The purpose of this meeting is social and to promote a feeling of harmony and good will between the people of the town and the surrounding country, therefore it is to be hoped that every one that sees this notice will doll up, put on their best smile and come in to this gathering and say hello to your neighbors that you have not seen since the last time. Everybody come, young and old, from far and near, and make this a memorable occasion.

Miss Mildred Merrill visited with her friend, Mrs. I. W. Holly of Ocala for several days.

Mr. John T. Lee, of Winter Haven, who once upon a time took a crack at truck growing in this section, and later removed to Winter Haven, is spending a week or so in our midst. Mr. Lee is very much enamored with his new home and location, and in discussing his past experience in trucking and farming, blossoms forth in poetry and lets the following drops of wisdom gush forth:

"If every farmer was just like me, What kind of a country would this be?"

He then subsided and repaired to his home in the west end of town, where he is making some improvements.

Mr. R. L. Sumner, our efficient depot agent, is enjoying a visit from his father, whose home is at Bayette. Mr. Sumner Sr. is one of the old time settlers in South Florida and has lived to see the Kissimmee valley develop from an untracked wilderness into one of the most progressive and prosperous parts of our state.

Mr. Delbert Haskell has improved the entrance to his place on the Lake Weir hard road by installing an automatic opening gate.

Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Strong were week-end visitors to our town.

Mr. J. S. Barrett, who has been visiting with his son, Mr. Sam Barrett, left for his home in Georgia last Thursday.

Rev. Whidden and sister Miss Mabel attended the Epworth League convention which was held at Eustis last week.

Mr. L. Moreton Murray, the temperance crusader, spent several hours in Bellevue in behalf of his chosen work and getting data to further the fight in the coming wet or dry election.

Hons. Perry H. Nugent and Gene Dobbs passed through Bellevue last Tuesday afternoon and stopped long enough to say "hello" to some of their friends.

Saturday night, Oct. 16, the Masons will convene their first meeting after the summer recess, and a large attendance is looked for.

The W. C. T. U. held its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Tremere last Tuesday afternoon. The regular order of business was carried out. A feeling of fellowship and harmony was promoted, and after some discussion it was decided to hold the next meeting at the residence of Mrs. Delbert Haskell.

Mrs. C. H. Miller and the Misses Ethel and Grace, motored up from Eustis last Thursday and are easily located at their bungalow on the hill, where they are supervising improvements being made to the house.

Mr. Tremere spent last Saturday on Heather Island with Mr. Hightower and an expert from the U. S. department of agriculture, going over the immense acreage of camphor trees planted out. This expert, Mr. S. C. Hood, has made the study of camphor trees and their propagation a ten-year specialty and under his advice and cooperation there are thousands of acres being developed into cam-



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phor groves in this state at the present time. One notable instance is that west of Green Cove Springs, where one company has bought eleven thousand acres of land and is fencing, clearing and pulling the stumps from same and planting the entire acreage to camphor. Mr. Hood ranks as the leading authority on the camphor industry in the United States today and he was greatly pleased with the progress that he found on Heather Island, stating that one little nursery of about 20,000 camphor trees was the finest that he had ever seen. One of these days the camphor industry of the state of Florida will rank with that of oranges, turpentine, phosphate and lumber. Japan has the entire monopoly of the whole output of camphor. Florida has the climate and the soil, the wherewith to divide the honors and profits.

Mrs. Haskell will entertain the thimble party at her home next Tuesday afternoon and suggests as a sanitary precaution that each and every visitor bring their own drinking glass along. This suggestion is called forth from the fact that there are not enough glasses at home to go around a large gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Beardsley from Rock Island, Ill., came in last Friday afternoon and are the first arrivals of the season.

Our old friend, Peter K. Hekkema surprised the town last Saturday morning by appearing upon the scene in his meat wagon, after an absence of several weeks. He now promises to be good and not to lapse again soon.

The Bellevue Workers at their last regular weekly meeting transacted the regular business and decided to hold the next election for officers the first Thursday in November.

Mrs. John T. Hames has received news from her old home at Gaffney, S. C., of the death of her cousin, Capt. R. M. Gaffney, who was a grandson of the founder of the important little town of Gaffney. He was very prominent in church and fraternal circles, and had been associated with the Southern Railway for forty-seven years. He served in the Southern army and also a term as mayor of his

home town. He organized a Masonic lodge and served as master for about thirty-five years. He held other high and honorable positions and leaves numerous relatives to mourn his loss.

Prof. A. B. Connor is still making good in his new field of labor at Inverness, and has gotten the faculty and school organized and down to business and from the comments made by the leading people of the town it seems that Prof. Connor is giving them a school administration such as they have never enjoyed before. Prof. Connor is making himself known by making public addresses and also mixing around among the leading men of the county who are quick to appreciate his sterling integrity. The entire Connor family, including Mrs. Mattie Jones, are well and happy and it pleases us to hear these glad tidings and comments on our old townsman, Mr. Connor.

In letters from Southern College at Sutherland, Minnie Tremere is enthusiastic over the town, the college buildings, the faculty and the methods of teaching and keeping the pupils interested in the work.

Mrs. Bohanon and her mother have entered the ranks of the chicken fanciers and have progressed to the extent of setting two hens. What with their chicken raising and cow pea orchard, they have plenty to keep them busy.

Old timers are greeting Bert Smith and telling him how glad they are to see him in his old time place at the Bellevue Trading Company.

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Dr. D. M. Boney

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